

pep-dog, who, through stress and heartbreak, is the staunch friend of "Peter's Woman," which none but the stonyhearted will read unmoved. Of great appeal are the Nature notes, vivid vignettes of magpies and rushes, black shags and kingfishers, eagerly tracked to their haunts, and their ways and works noted by those who love them. Of man's trusty four-footed adherent, it is written in "Semper Fidelis":—

*Black an' white an' tan noses pokin' through  
my dreams,  
Steady eyes, wavin' tails, as the firelight  
gleams,  
Seem ter say, "Hello, Boss, here's good luck  
to you;  
Where the Boss goes, life or death, we go  
too!"*

Practical and entirely helpful hints are given in "Profitable Farm Home Hobbies." This part of the magazine will be of intense interest, not only to dwellers in the country, but also to "townies," for as far as being desirous of turning talent to account these difficult days is concerned, why, to quote Mr. Boucicault, "Aren't We All?" Many inventions, and ingenious and alluring trifles, calculated to wile hard cash from the most hermetically sealed receptacle, are described in detail; exact quantities, tools and materials and methods given with meticulous precision. Poultry-keeping on a small and large basis is eulogised; "My Raspberry Patch" described; "Raffia and Cane Work" simplified, with the aid of helpful illustrations; soft-toy making made easy; while practical advice is given on photography, metal work, the making of brooches from fish-bones, and a truly amazing amount of information, anent methods of industry that will ensure satisfactory financial return.

Mr. Burnard, Fields Editor of the "N.Z. Dairy Exporter," contributes an article on "New Zealand Seasons from a Weather Viewpoint," in which the writer sets forth his argument in so convincing a fashion that his conclusions appear unassailable; and another article on "Grasslands" by the same writer is an able exposition of an extremely important subject. There are also illuminating contributions on Insurance, Agricultural Education, and Radio, which will be appreciated by all thinking people; and much interest will be aroused by a selection of "Useful Tips" on better farm management sent in by practical farmers, which cover a wide field, ranging from Utilising Waste Oil to Winter Shelter for Pigs.

The Illustrated Section is undeniably the most successful, and provides a series of exceptionally beautiful studies of characteristic New Zealand scenery. These comprise a comprehensive collection of artistic and delightful portrayals of the countryside in all phases of peaceful beauty and untiring industry; the Garden Beautiful, with many photographs of home, sweet home, thatched cottage and otherwise; and numerous and interesting presentments of lovely youth, girls and boys, many of them "pretty as pictures," and all, without exception, sturdy, vigorous, and of an infectious happy abandon.

For the Tinks there are stories, including a fascinating fairy scena; a handful of verses, with a very charming contribution by a 15-year-old contributor; puzzles galore; some Cautionary Tales which, it is surmised will amuse an audience more mature than the juvenile one for which they were intended; and some truly delightful lines beginning "I went a-running over the hill."

Much good work appears in the miscellaneous section of the magazine; in especial, the wistful pathos of "Clarence Gets His Leave" tugs at the heartstrings. For sheer drollery "Number Thirteen" ranks high, and will create endless chuckles, as will the mirth-provoking "Misunderstood," presented with a sense of fun and skill in management of dialogue that are irresistible.

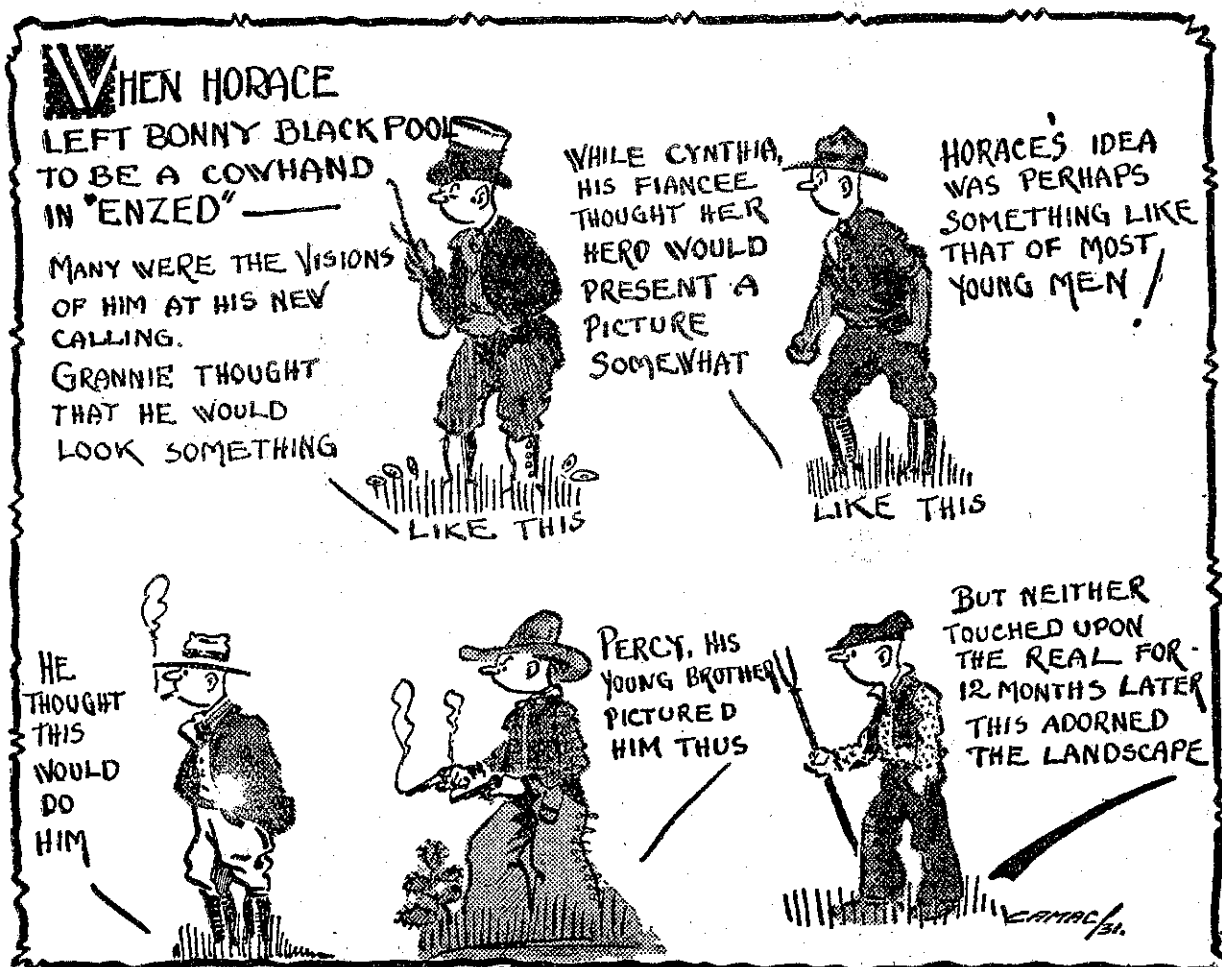
Of the recipes it ill-behoves mere man to write. But I am assured by one who knows that you may travel a long way before you will come across so varied, so delectable, appetising, and sensibly phrased a collection of recipes as is presented in the "Exporter Annual" by Tui's friends on the farm. A hare or chicken served in most attractive form, jams, pickles, dainties of confections, they are all one to the cleverest cooks in the world, and the most economical. She who knows assures me it is the chance of a lifetime to secure the right recipe, and I hope in time to reap the benefit.

The melange makes excellent reading, especially to those sated with the pseudo-intellectualism, vain striving and snobbery of cities, who will find it good to turn to the fresh literary fields and pastures new of the backblocks. Clamour, ennui and pretentious futility fade into the dimness of boring background as we savour the virility of life near the soil. Amid the everydayness of a workday world we smile at the multitudinous tricks of the trade of which Jack-of-all-trades, depicted in "His Daily Round," must be master if he is to run successfully a Maoriland farm; for it is a very comprehensive catalogue of what the Know-alls of country life must tackle, and sympathetic withal, it being obvious that the clever lines are penned by one vastly appreciative of her "clever chap." One reads on with a smile, until a sigh unwittingly comes when, a page turned, crystalline and tragic truth is presented of an incident torn from life itself and presented without fear, favour or self-consciousness. No self-pity, but courage entirely of the unconscious order, the only kind that is worth while, is apparent in this transcription of everyday give-and-take happenings in the backblocks of New Zealand. Reminiscent of past history, traversing present uncertainty, hailing hope of the future, virile, plucky and undaunted, it all seems very well worth while. Simple incidents unfold themselves, there is little drama, and no posing for effect, but nevertheless an effect remains of bubbling irrepressible

humour, quick sizing up of dramatic situation, and, best of all, sheer unadulterated British pluck, and one feels inclined to endorse the dictum of that clear-sighted young iconoclast, Ethel Mannin, when she says: "Fulfilment of life does not lie in the tortuous maze of civilisation, but somewhere in the quiet and lonely places it has not yet invaded."

IN conclusion, it may be said that, although much has been said and written of the terrific catastrophe which shattered the lovely peace of Hawke's Bay in February of this year, one ventures to prophesy that the poem by Helen Gordon, entitled "Napier," will live long by reason of excellent craftsmanship and true touch on tragedy. A high level of artistic excellence is reached, and we salute the author, herself one of that coterie of steadfast women who are such a tremendous force for good in the progress of our country, whose talent and gaiety are material factors in building up the outstanding attractiveness of the "Exporter Annual," and to whom "Dion of Tarsus" thus pays tribute:—

*While you scrubbed and baked you had little  
time to see.  
The beauty of the bush, or the mountains'  
majesty.  
But beyond the noise and bustle of your  
weary working days  
Your spirit made a secret rest and filled your  
heart with praise.  
Now you are old and worn, but your faith  
is still the same.  
You've done your level best, and you could  
not lose the game.  
But you know the kicks are many, and the  
halfpence all too few—  
Little backblocks lady, we take off our hats  
to you.*



—An effective cartoon in "Tui's Annual," just published.